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HONOUR WITHOUT RENOWN

BY MRS. INNES BROWN

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CHAPTER X

"Sir Henry had been home for a few days, but returning suddenly, learned with horror from his servants of the serious illness of his brother. Waiting for neither rest nor refreshment, he summoned his favourite dog, a black retriever, and struck boldly across the park in a direct line for the Manor House. At the ancient ruins he paused impatiently to ascertain the cause of the dog's sudden bark of recognition. Looking through a broken arch, he beheld a scene that henceforth he never forgot. For half a minute he stood as one petrified, powerless to advance. What was the meaning of the picture, framed in the broken arch, half covered with lichen and ivy, lighted by the rays of the setting sun? Was that wasted form indeed that of his younger brother? Near him on the grass, lay what? Sir Henry started. A little roll of white clothes, from the midst of which appeared a tiny head, here of any covering save the silken golden curls.

"Down! Down!" And at the sound of Sir Henry's voice the shadow started. Overcome with delight at the welcome vision of his elder brother, poor Edmund stretched forth his hands, exclaiming: "Oh Harry, dear Harry, I knew you would come! Take care of my boy for me. But the sudden relief and joy were too much for him; bounding forward, the elder man was only just in time to catch his brother as he fell forward in a heavy swoon.

"Supporting the poor weak frame with one arm, the stronger man drew from his pocket an envelope, and scribbling hastily upon it an appeal for assistance, called the dog and bade him carry it back to the Abbey Towers. Bence, seeming fully to take in the sad situation, needed no second bidding, but scampered off, the note between his teeth. Then Sir Henry, with a sorrowful countenance, still supporting his brother's helpless form, set his teeth and waited.

"The dog performed his errand faithfully. Scarcely five minutes had elapsed ere, almost breathless, the coachman and stable-boy arrived. Addressing the latter, the baronet said sternly: "Take the child and carry it carefully to the Hall, and give it at once into Mrs. Turner's charge."

"With a start and trembling hand the boy stooped and raised the sleeping mite, almost letting it drop in his extreme nervousness; he had never before seen his master so disturbed. Sir Henry watched his exit from the ruins; then, without another word, he motioned the coachman to raise his brother's feet, and placing his own arms firmly and tenderly on his shoulders, bore him back to the old home of his boyhood, even to the very room that had always been his own; and there, with the tenderness of a mother the elder man watched and nursed his brother till he died.

"Ab, I feared he would die." "Yes, he was half-delirious when he left his home." "And where was the heartless wife all this time?"

"Shut up in her private chamber, rocking herself to and fro over what was her reason would succumb. But do not call her heartless; she was not that, nor did her husband reproach her. Almost his last words were: 'Don't blame her, Harry, she only made a mistake. But to your sole charge I leave my boy. She will never need him, and must never have him. You will bring him up to be a good man like yourself; teach him to love his father's memory, God bless you, Harry!'"

"Poor man!" ejaculated Sister Marguerite once more and even Manfred's voice shook as he said: "If I am to continue, will you kindly remove your seat to some place where I cannot see your face quite so distinctly?"

"Willingly," she replied, smiling to herself; for was it not at his own particular request that she was seated where she was? It was with pleasure then that she withdrew her chair from its prominent position, and placing it out of sight at the head of his bed, seated herself and resumed her work in silence.

"The services of the old family nurse were called once more into requisition, and after the quiet but sad funeral of his brother every one knew that from henceforth, to be friends with Sir Henry they must be good to Edmund's boy. It seemed as though the guardian uncle was registering a vow, for the remains of the parent had been lowered into their last resting place, he knelt beside the coffin, and taking the baby in his arms, prayed silently for some moment; then, after fondly kissing the tiny brow, gently restored the little fellow to his nurse. Are you listening, Sister?"

"I am, indeed. Sir Henry, as you call him, was a good man. I suppose he had another name? Could the widow not afford one tear for her husband's grave?"

"Why should you be so hard upon her?" he inquired testily. "She never cared for her husband?"

"But recovered sufficiently to marry again, did she?" and Sister Marguerite made a significant

grimace, which, however, could not be observed by her patient. Manfred took no heed of her remark but continued:

"Sir Henry, having taken upon himself the guardianship of the boy, Edmund's widow left her house and left the neighbourhood. Then, of course, she married Manly; and before a year had passed another son was born. It has taken a great deal of telling, but this is how there came to be no little difference in age between the two half brothers."

"I understand it better now. What was the name of this new baby—little Edmund's half brother?"

"Let me see," he said in a slow, hesitating tone of voice. "Suppose we call it Harold?"

"Harold!" he exclaimed excitedly, raising his body on his elbows and straining his neck to catch a glimpse of her face. "Why call it Harold, I should like to know?"

"Oh, gravely and slowly—it is a good old Saxon name, and seemed to come uppermost in my mind at the moment." As she spoke she held her work at arm's length, as though deeply engrossed in keen criticism of it.

"He watched her as closely as his position allowed for a few more seconds, then sank back upon his pillows, and with a half-satisfied expression in his voice continued:

"Well, Harold let it be then, since you seem to like the name so much. But it is all in keeping with the rest of your strange notions to fix upon a name which no one else would ever have dreamed of."

"In her place of vantage Sister Marguerite felt she could now indulge in tears or grimaces as the mood should suit her. At this moment she looked very knowing, but wisely held her peace. He continued:

"Of the early years of Harold's life I know little or nothing, but believe that they were spent abroad. However, when he was about six years old his father died; and the grief of his mother at the loss of her husband was so sincere and deep as had been her love of him. Almost broken-hearted, and with but small means of existence, Mrs. Manly returned, a widow for the second time, to the old Manor House. From Sir Henry she received but a cold welcome, and strict orders upon no condition to interfere with young Edmund. She had chosen, he said, to desert the boy and his father in their hour of need, and henceforth she had no claim whatever upon her son. She did not seek to vindicate herself, and appeared to take no interest in any of her child's affairs; but when he was about eight years old his mother at last died, and he was left to the care of his father's friend, Mr. Grafton. It was in the last of the old Manor House, which, by the way, was mortgaged to the hilt, it seemed unfair for Edmund was richly endowed by nature also, as such favourites of fortune sometimes are. He was handsome and talented. With study and diligence he could have made a living by his brush; besides which he had a splendid voice, and a very good ear for music. No doubt he had the best of masters that money could procure, and every advantage was his; but he did not seem to value his position and gifts as he should have done; at least, had Harold changed places with him, I dare say he would have appreciated them better. The two boys became friendly. Edmund, you see, could afford to patronize; he could also afford to be generous; and to give to him his due, he always did his best to make Harold's life happy. But under such unequal circumstances—one boy possessing all things, the other only that which was doled out to him by his more fortunate brother—it was but natural that Harold should grow up dissatisfied and jealous. Scarcely a day passed but he sought relief from his mother's sympathetic heart, pouring into her ears the insults and wrongs he had to endure from Edmund; making her the recipient of all his griefs, real and imaginary. Being comparatively but poorly off, she could only hold out hopes to her darling which to him seemed improbable and unreal. Year by year he grew more gloomy and discontented, until envy and jealousy took such a deep root in his mind that they grew into positive hatred; and by the time they were respectively sixteen and eighteen years old, poor Harold could not endure the sight of his handsome, cheery half-brother. Nor could I blame him!" declared Manfred with vehemence. "It was hard indeed that by a freak of Nature one should have everything and the other next to nothing! Don't you agree with me, Sister?"

"Did it never strike Harold," was the quiet rejoinder, "that the very house in which he lived belonged by hereditary right to Edmund also? Really, I cannot see how any one could blame the boy. If his uncle chose to make him his heir I suppose he liked him?"

"Loved him? Why he simply worshipped him—idolized him—lived for him!" Manfred ground out the sentence between his clenched teeth. "Edmund never knew then what it was to want for anything! He had

all the luck. Poor Harold had none."

"Still, one could hardly blame him for being fortunate. Was he not kind to Harold?"

"Kind? Yes, that was the worst of it; he shared everything with him as far as he dared; but Sir Henry did not like the younger boy, and he had too much pride and spirit to beg from either of them!"

"Well," said Sister Marguerite, nodding her head emphatically. "Had I been Harold, I should have made up my mind to face the situation manfully; and in order to make the best of things, should have endeavored to earn my own living, thus winning at the same time the respect of Sir Henry and my half-brother, who doubtless would have admired my spirit and assisted me in the future."

"Which proves how little you can fathom the feelings of a gentleman like Harold, to whom work was not only distasteful, but derogatory."

The words were spoken hastily, and in an injured tone of voice; whilst a pair of arched eyebrows, rose significantly, and two little lips smiled an amused and superior smile as they inquired:

"Pray were the brothers at all alike in appearance, and did not Mrs. Manly admire her elder son?"

"No, she did not. She was true to Harold, and the memory of his father. Day by day mother and son discussed the unsatisfactory state of affairs, until they persuaded themselves that there was a gross injustice somewhere, and that if Sir Henry did not equalize matters of his own accord, well, then, pressure of some sort should be brought to bear upon him. Cost what it might, Harold should have his share, and the longer he waited for it the greater should be his portion." There was a smothered sigh from the little corner, but no remark.

"You asked if they resembled each other in appearance; yes, in features there was a strong likeness. But Edmund was taller, of more muscular build; his eyes were the same dark blue as his father's. Of course he was always well dressed, and being looked upon as the heir, folks said he was much the handsomer of the two."

"Did he turn out well?"

"No, he didn't. And as Manfred gnashed out the words, he glared like a wild animal, whilst his hands were so tightly clenched that the sharp nails pierced the delicate skin. Neither the gesture nor the expression was lost upon the observant listener; and, taking her hand kindly said:

"It is getting late, and I bear voices in the little parlour. You must not talk any more now. Tomorrow you may continue your story."

Large beads of perspiration stood upon his brow, but at her gentle touch his features relaxed. Seizing both her hands he exclaimed: "Don't go, Sister. Don't leave me at I do not feel myself. Oh, why did you hide in the dark background? I feel quite a different being when I see your face. Come early tomorrow," he pleaded, "and sit near me—close beside me—whilst I finish my story. An evil influence would overpower me when you are not near. Why did you hide?" She fed him, soothed and quieted him with marvellous skill and patience, and did not leave until peace and calm reigned once more within him.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE BRIER ROSE

A light breeze stirred the white muslin curtains. The breath of the budding roses came into the quiet parlour, where the high-nosed Peytons of four generations frowned down from the wainscoted walls upon Angus Grafton, leaning against the tall marble-slab, his strong, grave face pathetic in its tenderness, its perplexity, pain.

For Dolly, pretty brown eyed Dolly, whose lip-bitten nose defied all the traditions of her race, was standing before him in one of those maddening moods that defy masculine comprehension.

"It is for the last time, Dolly," he said, with an odd catch in his deep voice.

"You have said that three times before," answered Dolly, mischievously.

"I know it," he continued, and his tone grew sterner and stronger. "I have been an absolute fool for the past six months. But I have determined to take my folly in hand, and—and—master it."

"There was a ring in the words that an older and wiser woman would have heard and heeded. But naughty Dolly only flipped a rose-leaf from her ruined gown.

Uncle Dick only left me at the convent a year. He was afraid that I would turn Catholic if he kept me there any longer. And perhaps—"

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TO BE CONTINUED

hve it so in spite of all fashion's protests—they crowned with their winoems, blushing blossoms the happy little bride.—Mary T. Waggonman, in Benziger's.

"Gone? Why, yes—surely he said good-bye to you?" and the young doctor looked at her curiously.

"Oh, yes; of course," answered Dolly, feeling that all her world was gazing at her through those wondering eyes, and, rising to the situation as only the born coquette can. And while Jack Lawson went for the pinkies and flowers and dancers seemed whirling in a dizzy circle around her, "Hesaid good-bye this morning. I did not know he was going quite so soon. As this is your waltz, I believe, Mr. Lawson, and Dolly bent a bewitching smile on the newcomer at her side, "would you mind sitting out in the conservatory? And if you will get me one of those lovely little pink ices downstairs, I will hide away under that big oleander and wait for it."

"I don't promise," answered Dolly, with a willful shake of her curls. "I don't promise anything."

"You forget," he said gravely. "There is one thing you have promised."

"No," persisted Dolly, like the naughty little brier rose she was. "I have promised nothing. I told you that I cared for you, and I do. I always like people that like me, and I tell them so, because I don't want to hurt their feelings."

"Add—and—the speaker's lips had grown white—"you mean you tell all men the same thing?"

"Oh, no! Not all," answered Dolly, demurely.

"And you wish me to understand that you have made me simply a puppet and a plaything with the rest of them?"

"I never said anything like that, I am sure," replied Dolly, in a much aggrieved tone. "I've told you twenty times I liked you."

"Well, loved you, then," corrected Dolly, in the softest of little whispers. "And you said that was enough."

"But there was no answering smile in the grave, stern face to which she lifted her bewitching eyes.

"No, not enough," her companion answered, in a new hard voice. "not enough to make me love you, Dolly! I told you I had taken my folly in hand, if I can not bind you, I can at least master myself. Put your hand in mine, promise me in all truth and earnestness that you will be my wife, or else—"

He paused as if he could not finish the sentence.

"Or else what?" asked Dolly, holding up her pretty head defiantly at this master tone.

"Else there must be an end to this maddening mockery. I shall leave you forever, Dolly."

A cold chill like a frost breath went through the heart of the little brier rose; then she put out her pretty pinks to hide the shiver and the pang.

"Ah, well! I'll try to bear it," she said, with a light little laugh. "Good-bye, Dr. Grafton."

"Good-bye," he answered, taking the hand she held out to him and nearly crushing it for a moment in his own. "Good-bye, and God forgive you, Dolly."

Groping, like one almost blind, for his hat and cane, he turned from the room, leaving Dolly breathless with pain and dismay under the stinging portrait of another Miss Dorothy Peyton, who had played so recklessly with men's hearts and hopes one hundred years before.

"The horrid man!" gasped Dolly at last, shaking her pretty, pink-tipped fingers. "He fairly crushed my hand—and—how white and queer he looked!" Then she dimpled into roguish smiles again. "He will be at the ball tonight, I know, just the same." And the little witch, sure of her spell, tripped gaily upstairs to put fresh ribbons in the white gauze gown which Angus Grafton liked the best of all his dainty fripperies.

"And a very fair queen she looked as she floated through the dance that evening, her golden curls perked up in a jaunty coronet on her graceful head, her fluttering fan a sceptre whose away none dared dispute.

Never had she flashed and sparkled and dimpled more bewitchingly upon her train of admirers, who were ready to fight for a smile, a word, a glance.

But there was one who did not come; one whom her slightest wish per had hitherto lured from book, desk, dress, from all but the path of duty, to follow her dancing feet. And as the merry hours sped on, and still that strong, grave face failed to look upon her triumph, Dolly became doubly weary of it all, and felt that tossled Dr. Herbert was the only sensible man in the room, when at the stroke of twelve he stopped beside her to say "good night!"

"Awfully sorry I have to leave so soon, Miss Dolly, but I must be on hand now for double work."

"Double work!" echoed Dolly, vaguely.

"Yes; of course you know Grafton leaves tonight. Foolish thing for a man like him to volunteer, I think. But I suppose that last call for surgeons at the front stirred all the heroic blood in him. I intended to see him off—but—by George, there goes his train now!" And over the sweet strains of the Strauss waltz rose the shrill shriek of the loco-

tomotive.

CONSPIRACY AGAINST HISTORY

Reminders are being printed in the daily papers that it is 400 years since Martin Luther nailed his famous theses to the church door. It must be admitted that this announcement was made without much enthusiasm. It was interesting to observe the reasons that were offered for celebrating the anniversary of the event. No one suggested, for instance, that Luther was a particularly good man. The halo that used to surround his memory has long since departed. No one suggested that he was a particularly religious man. It is difficult nowadays to find any evidences of piety in the world that can be traced to his influence. No one would think of placing him beside the Catholic reformers, St. Francis de Sales and St. Ignatius Loyola, as a model of Christian virtues. We all know by this time that he was a coarse, vulgar fellow, who deliberately chose low ideals of life. It is quite unnecessary to prove that there were any immoralities in his conduct; his own writings show that he was insolent, envious, and full of himself, and that it is only because he was a sensualist that he was chiefly because they took him at his own estimate.

In trying to show that his name is worthy of international remembrance, a half-hearted attempt is made to prove that he was at least a man of great moral courage, whose defiance of ecclesiastical authority has resulted in the emancipation of mankind from religious tyranny. This is about the only tribute that any one can dare to pay to his memory at the present time.

It would not be hard to prove that this estimation of his place in history is arrived at by arguing backwards from a survey of modern conditions. We find the world tolerant of all religious beliefs, except, perhaps, Catholicism. It is supposed that this condition of tolerance is due to Protestantism. And it is therefore argued that Luther was the apostle of tolerance. Nothing could really be further from the truth. Modern tolerance is not due to Protestantism, but rather to the indifference to all religion that Protestantism has bred. No genuine Protestant was ever tolerant. The very name itself bristles with intolerance. That people have ceased to be so much interested in religion to persecute one another, is certainly a result that no Protestant ever expected or desired. Luther would be most astonished did he realize that modern unbelievers claimed him for their apostle.

The theory that Luther was the conscious author of any kind of religious or civic liberty is quite modern. It is not, however, quite modern enough to be fashionable. Perhaps this is why the newspapers were somewhat reticent in their references to him. The various sects have practically abandoned him, together with Henry VIII, Cromwell, John Calvin and Zwingle. The Lutherans who bear his name are the only ones who have the courage to speak of him. And they are hard pressed. A long array of German non-Catholic names could be quoted who have long since demolished the Luther myth. Even the famous words that he is supposed to have uttered at the Diet of Worms, "Here I stand, I cannot do otherwise. So help me God. Amen," are no longer considered authentic. The latest estimate of his character sees in him a very narrow-minded, self-centered demagogue, who took advantage of the trend of popular feeling to throw off a discipline that had become irksome. His break with the Church was the occasion rather than the cause of the so-called Reformation. His apostasy produced a situation in which long existing tendencies manifested their presence openly. Germany was ripe for a rebellion against the Catholic Church. That the strife centred around the bulky figure of Luther was due to coincidence rather than anything else.

There are, however, still people who maintain that on the whole the so-called Reformation has resulted in good. It will not be difficult to show that this is a sort of superstition which is quite out of keeping with popular tendencies. Let us take the case of internationalism. It cannot be denied that there is much yearning in the world for a league or association of nations. This is surely the undoing of the work of the Reformation. The Lutheran rebellion was the beginning of that destruction of the unity of races known as Christendom. It introduced an extreme form of nationalism that has been so productive of war and racial hatred that mankind is pauperized by debts incurred by past conflicts, and burdened by taxes to prepare for new ones.

Again let us take the case of social welfare. No one can deny that a fierce battle is being waged against modern industrialism. Internal discord is even more serious than war between nations. The Lutheran rebellion destroyed the authority of the Church in some countries, and weakened it in others. The Church had been the natural bond between master and man, between capital and labor, between the poor and the rich. The Lutheran rebellion left the ruling classes in complete control of everything. The powerful ones of this world were able not only to reduce

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